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Songs of the Hill Winds

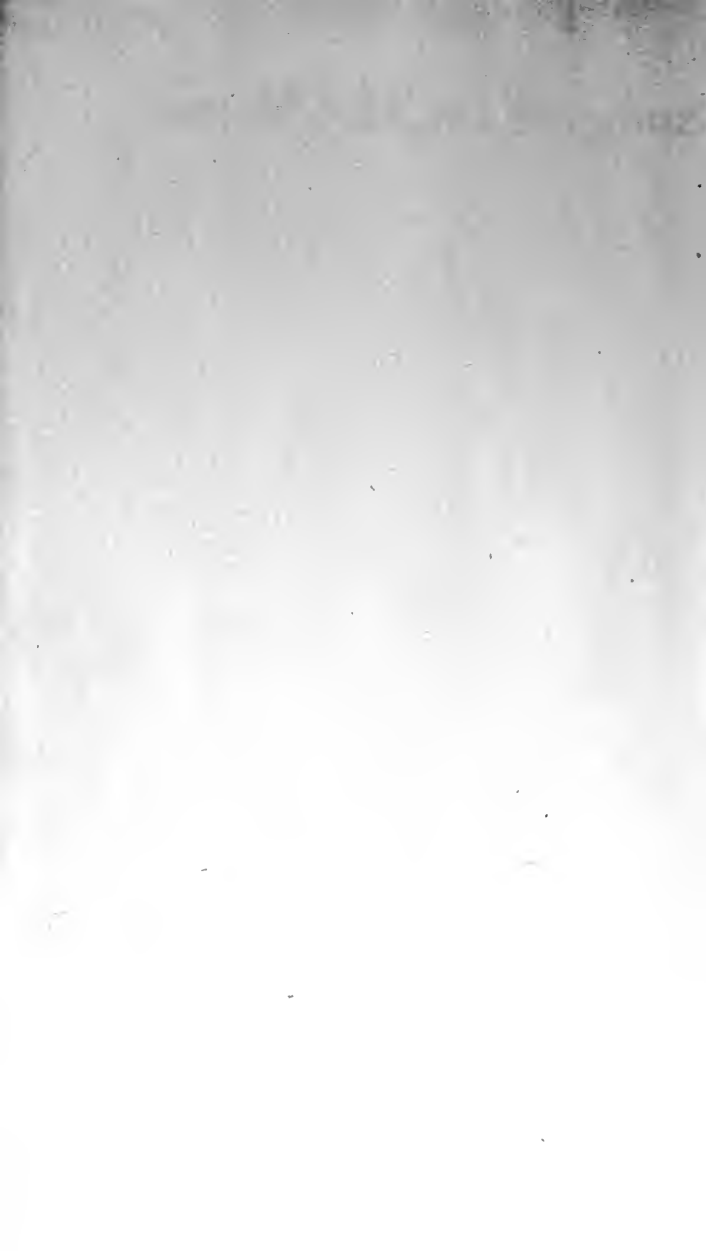
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Songs of the Hill Winds



18269

Songs of the Hill Winds

a book of Lyrics and other
Verse which have appeared
in the Undergraduate
Publications of
Dartmouth
College



Compiled and Edited by
Kendall Banning
and
Moses Bradstreet Perkins

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Contents

	Page
✓ Men of Dartmouth. By <i>Richard Hovey</i>	1
The Pastures of Parnassus. By <i>Edwin Osgood</i> <i>Grover</i>	3
The Wine of Thought. By <i>Kent Knowlton</i>	4
✓ English Violets. By <i>Richard Hovey</i>	5
A Mid-Winter Song. By <i>Ozora Stearns Davis</i>	7
Indian Pipe. By <i>Fred Lewis Pattee</i>	8
After Death. By <i>Charles Francis Richardson</i>	9
An October Song. By <i>Daniel Luther Lawrence</i>	10
A Sonnet. By <i>William Drummond Baker</i>	11
Flood Tide. By <i>Edwin Osgood Grover</i>	12
Chopin. By <i>Le Baron Monroe Huntington</i>	15
✓ Wedded. By <i>Richard Hovey</i>	16
The Wind and the Rose. <i>Anonymous</i>	17
Fame. By <i>Le Baron Monroe Huntington</i>	19
Season Song. By <i>Gordon Hall Gerould</i>	20
✓ Squab Flights. By <i>Richard Hovey</i>	21
An August Noon. By <i>Fred Lewis Pattee</i>	22
Enchantment. By <i>Robert Argyle Campbell</i>	23
Pythias. By <i>Ozora Stearns Davis</i>	24
A Matin Song. By <i>John Hiram Gerould</i>	25
Herodotus. By <i>Walter Sydney Adams</i>	26
Valentine Song. By <i>Robert Argyle Campbell</i>	27

	Page
Love's Dawn. By <i>William Byron Forbush</i>	28
The White Hills. By <i>Charles Frederick Robinson</i>	29
The Youth of Love. By <i>Ozora Stearns Davis</i>	30
A Spanish Air. By <i>Fred Lewis Pattee</i>	31
✓ World and Poet. By <i>Richard Hovey</i>	33
Cor Cordium. <i>Anonymous</i>	34
Dawn. By <i>Le Baron Monroe Huntington</i>	35
✓ Dead. By <i>Richard Hovey</i>	36
The Promise of Youth. By <i>Gordon Hall Gerould</i>	39
A Banquet Song. By <i>Charles Frederick Robinson</i>	40
Autumn. By <i>John Henry Bartlett</i>	41
A Nocturne. By <i>Le Baron Monroe Huntington</i>	42
✓ Bohemia. By <i>Richard Hovey</i>	43
Still Waiting. By <i>Marshall Putnam Thompson</i>	46
Bacchic. <i>Anonymous</i>	47
Longing. By <i>Charles Frederick Robinson</i>	48
✓ Winter. By <i>Richard Hovey</i>	49
Autumn. By <i>Fletcher Harper Swift</i>	51
To the Oriole. By <i>Herbert Salisbury Hopkins</i>	52
✓ The Old Pine. By <i>Richard Hovey</i>	53
✓ Winter Beauty. By <i>Richard Hovey</i>	54
Time. By <i>Frederick James Allen</i>	55
Dizrins. By <i>Daniel Luther Lawrence</i>	56

	Page
The Pope's Wine. By <i>Marshal Putnam</i> <i>Thompson</i>	58
June. <i>Anonymous</i>	59
The Lotus-Eaters. By <i>William Drummond</i> <i>Baker</i>	61
Her Promise. By <i>Walter Seager Sullivan</i>	62
Villanelle. By <i>Daniel Luther Lawrence</i>	63
✓ The South. By <i>Richard Hovey</i>	65
A Rondeau. By <i>Daniel Luther Lawrence</i>	66
"Vox Clamantis in Deserto." <i>Anonymous</i>	67
Coming to Anchor. By <i>William Drummond</i> <i>Baker</i>	68
✓ Song. By <i>Richard Hovey</i>	69
The Return. By <i>Archibald Blakeson</i>	70
The Daughter of Dawn. By <i>Le Baron Monroe</i> <i>Huntington</i>	71
Compensation. By <i>Wilder Dwight Quint</i>	72
Altruria. By <i>Newton Marshall Hall</i>	73
Blind Love. By <i>Homer Eaton Keyes</i>	74
A Triolet. By <i>Kent Knowlton</i>	74
✓ A Ballade of Mysteries. By <i>Richard Hovey</i>	75
The Wind's Message. By <i>Ozora Stearns Davis</i>	77
A Student's Reverie. By <i>Henry Hildreth Piper</i>	78
At Eventide. By <i>Bertrand Adoniram Smalley</i>	79
A Dream. By <i>William Albert Foster</i>	80

	Page
An October Day. By <i>Ozora Stearns Davis</i>	81
Quatrains. By <i>Sherman Roberts Moulton</i>	82
A Winter Sunset. By <i>Charles Pratt Graham</i>	83
To Violets in October. By <i>Homer Eaton Keyes</i>	84
Drink in Reverence. By <i>Robert Meacham Davis</i>	85
Eventide. By <i>Homer Eaton Keyes</i>	86
Parting. By <i>Robert Meacham Davis</i>	87
Rondel. By <i>Daniel Luther Lawrence</i>	88
June. By <i>Homer Eaton Keyes</i>	89
Autumn Leaves. By <i>Frederick Oliver Bradley</i>	89
The Last Spring. By <i>Robert Meacham Davis</i>	90
Chickadees. By <i>Frederick Oliver Bradley</i>	91
The Frost. By <i>Frederick Oliver Bradley</i>	91
In Later Days. By <i>William Byron Forbush</i>	92
Autumn. By <i>Homer Eaton Keyes</i>	92
Banquet Song. By <i>Edwin Osgood Grover</i>	93

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Songs of the Hill Winds

Men of Dartmouth.



EN of Dartmouth, give a rouse
For the college on the hill !
For the Lone Pine above her
And the loyal men that love
her,—

Give a rouse, give a rouse, with a will
For the sons of old Dartmouth,
The sturdy sons of Dartmouth,—
Though 'round the girdled earth they roam,
Her spell on them remains ;
They have the still North in their hearts,
The hill-winds in their veins,
And the granite of New Hampshire
In their muscles and their brains.

They were mighty men of old
That she matured side by side ;
Till like Vikings they forth
From the lone and silent North,—
And they strove, and they wrought, and
they died ;
But—the sons of old Dartmouth,
The laurelled sons of Dartmouth—
The Mother keeps them in her heart,
And guards their altar-flame ;
The still North remembers them,
The hill-winds know their name,
And the granite of New Hampshire
Keeps the record of their fame.

Men of Dartmouth, set a watch
Lest the old traditions fail !
Stand as brother stands by brother !
Dare a deed for the old Mother !
Greet the world, from the hills, with a hail !
For the sons of old Dartmouth,
The loyal sons of Dartmouth—
Around the world they keep for her
Their old chivalric faith ;
They have the still North in their soul,
The hill-winds in their breath ;
And the granite of New Hampshire
Is made part of them till death.

The Pastures of Parnassus.



N the parching heat of the dusty
street

That skirts Parnassus hill,
I trudged along with a silent
song,

Yet a joy serene and still.

When, lo, by the roadside a poet sat,
Haggard and weary and grim ;
Between his knees a broken harp
That would not sing for him.

Through the cooling shade of the pastures
there,

By the rills that laughing play,
The bard had roamed with his ill-strung harp
Till his ragged hair was gray.

Morning and night with eternal hope
He would tie the broken string,
And pleading pray the gods to grant
The song it could not sing.

The vanquished hopes and songless harps
That on Parnassus lie !

And the hearts that break for the rapturous
song

That alone can satisfy !

And so in the heat of the dusty street
That skirts Parnassus hill,

I trudge along with a *silent* song,
Yet a joy supreme and still.

The Wine of Thought.



KEEP it guarded ever
In the storehouse of thy
brain.

Poured out, it shall never
Its aroma find again.

Let the heat of summer thrill it;
Let the cold of winter chill it,
Till it gain its perfect temper, till it reach its
perfect strain.

Drink not, though thou longest
For the cooling, strengthening
draught.

Thine own soul thou wrongest;—
Such a wine must not be quaffed
Till old age hath purified it,
Till full many years have dyed it
With the colors of the flowers through long
summers that have laughed.

When the perfect measure
Of its days hath come at last,
Bring forth then thy treasure,
While thy thirsty heart beats fast.
Pour thy wine of richest flavor,
Sparkling, filled with all the savor
Of the years that thou hast vanquished, of
the seasons that are past.

English Violets.



ENGLISH violets :

Violets her hand has touched !

Ah, that April morning !

Ah, the sunlight !

Ah, the garden odors !

There were other forms than earthly by me.

Did I not hear—ah ! listen—

In the air, the wing-beats of God's angels ?

Then I turned, and saw her — oh, the
wonder !—

Standing like a seraph in the sunlight,

In her hand this tiny violet-cluster—

She a violet, sweeter far than these were,

Deeper, purer, holier, more mystic,

Oh, the flood of sunlight that I swam in !

Oh, the worship ! oh, the adoration !

When she smiled and cast them meward,
smiling,

In the April days when Love was young.

This is all I have now—

All the music left me—

All the love that might have kinged my
nature,

Dungeoned in the casket where these flowers
are !

All the tender glory, all the passion !

Shall I not, in other worlds, hereafter
Meet her face to face, and know her truly
Mine, with lovelight streaming from her
eyes?

Is it but for earth-life? I can bear it,
Bear it, though earth's air grow hot hell-sul-
phur!

But if death unite us not—
God in heaven! what heaven for me with-
out her!

Christ, have mercy!

A Mid-Winter Song.



LD Winter is king, and the
sleigh-bells are ringing ;
The red, leaping flames up the
chimney are singing.

Heap wood on the fires, load
tables with cheer :

We'll conquer the cold at the birth of the
year.

The mountains and hills in white mantles
are sleeping,

The hues of the summer the hemlocks are
keeping,

And over the windows, in tracings of white,
New forests are drawn in the chill of the
night.

A laugh and a song are the weapons we
wield :

To music and mirth even Winter shall yield,
Though now o'er the meadows the wild wind
may blow,

And heap at the roadside white billows of
snow.

Indian Pipe.



ALL ghost of flowers,—
That in the midnight hours,
From darkest mould,
Doth in the inmost coverts of
the wood

Rise gaunt and cold,—
Thou art akin to those dim lights that glower
From pestilential swamp at midnight's hour,
Or phantom fogs that glide
Along the river's brim at even-tide.

Art thou some fay,
That at the break of day
Forgot to flee?
Or yet some relic of that elfin crew,
That 'neath some tree,
At midnight's hour, do hold high carnival
By moonlight scant, or light of glow-worm
dull,—
Surprised by owl or wind,
Did they in sudden fright leave thee behind?

Speak, phantom flower!
Art thou from Pluto's bower,
A noisome spray
Beloved by Hecate and by Proserpine?

Speak, flower, and say
If from thy petals pale and clammy vine
A mortal hand might press a leaden wine,
A cup to banish pain
And woo to Lethe's opiate domain!

After Death.



HEN I forthfare beyond this
narrow earth,
With all its metes and
bounds of now and here,
And brooding clouds of ig-
norance and fear

That overhung me on my day of birth,
Where through the jocund sun's perennial
mirth

Has shone more inly bright each coming
year,

With some new glory of that outer sphere
Where length and breadth and height are
little worth,

Then shall I find that even here below

We guessed the secret of eternity,

And learned in years the yearless mystery ;

For in our earliest world we came to know

The Master's lesson and the riddle's key :

Unending love unending growth shall be.

An October Song.



OLDEN apples on the bough,
Heaping leaves beneath ;
Mellow light on care-lined
brow,
Crowned with silvery wreath.

Songs of sunny vintagers,
Gathering grapes for wine ;
Ah ! was One who trod alone,
Treading out the vine.

Sunlit haze, October days,
Sweeter joy than June ;
Sacred rest for the weary breast,
Deeper than mid-noon.
Golden, golden, golden days,
Gold that is not mined :
Seraph wings, a splendrous maze,
Wafting down the wind.

A Sonnet.



N that sweet morn when we
stood face to face,
And I looked deep into those
lustrous eyes,
My heart bowed low. For all
the light that lies

In thine own queenly purity and grace
Shone forth. And then I cried in doubt,
“The trace

Of low thoughts in my life thou wilt
despise.

I am unworthy.” But with slow surprise,
As one would wake from dreams to find the
place

Around him glorified, I heard the voice,
That very voice which thrilled me through
and through

But yesterday, saying again, “My choice,
For life or death, forever is in you.”

And I am counted worthy to rejoice
In such a love! O heart, can it be true?

Flood Tide.

A Prairie Hymn.



N the lisp of the grass it was
audible, in the whisper of
winds it was heard,
My soul was a-thrill with the
news of it long e'er a glimmer
had stirred.

Each star in the sky was aware of it, the
moon was awake and a-hark,
Yet never a sound in the silence and never a
rift in the dark.

But, lo! in the East a ripple of tenuous light
Is unrolled from the uttermost depths of
the darkness of Night,

A flicker of dawn as if angels for keeping
of mass

Had lit every tip of the terminal, orient grass,
And passed in to worship. But oh, how
far, how far!

'Tis the wake of a star!

Nay, 'tis the turning of tide; a palpitant
wave and thin;

'Tis the Day coming in!

With timorous tread encircling the skirts of
Night,

This hint of glory out-widens, a pool of
virginal light;

As a star down-dropped from an angel's
hand

Would widen in circles to compass the
land.

Forever out-reaching, out-reaching, so,
This glimmer of dawn burns brighter
till, lo !

'Tis a flame dim revealing the edge of the
world

And hangs like a banner unfurled ;
A fluttering streamer of light,
From the crest of the Night.

O wide-eyed, wondering stars ! Dreamers
of dreams !

Ye must drown in the incoming gleams
Of the Day.

But say, oh ! say,
Does the death of the Day ever fear you ?
Is the night e'er by you to cheer you ?
O little, bright stars all-confiding,
With Faith e'er abiding, abiding,
How trusting ye are !

Good-by, little star !
And hark, O my soul !
Can ye hear not the billows that roll ?
Can ye see not the tremulous flow
That purples the East ? Lo !
With its glory submerging, submerging,
The surf of the sunlight is surging

Hard, hard on the emerald shore.
A gasp ! And the Night is no more !

And soft in the weft of the grasses over the
prairie-sea,
The tide of Day flows westward over the
world and me.

Chopin.



THOU weird and wizard spirit
of the night,
Who shall breathe sounds of
such sweet witchery
As angels never whispered save
to thee?

Thy soaring soul sought realms of starry
light ;

Inspired, alone thou trodst the dizzy height,
And from the cool, damp wells of night thy
free,

Untrammelled spirit drank in ecstasy.

Celestial angels, robed in spotless white,
Struck all their quivering harps of gold for
thee,

And surfeited with such sweet harmony,
Thy soul sought once again the earth and
caught

The moaning of the pines, the sobbing sea,
And blended all in songs ineffably
With ecstasy and pathos interwrought.

Wedded.



BIRDS are singing in the closes,—
Singing for joy of June.
Scent of English violets
Mingles with the mignonette's;
And the garden's red with roses,
When the glad brown thrushes croon—
Thrushes crooning in the closes
All this rose-sweet June.

Rarer joy than yours has found me,
Birds of the rose-sweet June.
Maidenhood with Maytime ended;
Love, the strong one, o'er me bended,
And with orange blossoms crowned me
In the hot, sweet summer noon.
Rarer joy than yours has found me,—
Love's year has its June.

The Wind and the Rose.



N a shady nook a rosebush
grew,

Its blossoms were white as a
lily fair,

Its petals were kissed by the
passing breeze,

Which whispered of love among its leaves,
And its fragrance filled the air.

Through the happy months of the summer-
time

The wind kissed the rose in passing by,
Till a feeling of love between them grew,
And the wind his softest breezes blew
From out the Western sky.

For the gentle rose and its sweet perfume
Had robbed the wind of his wild rough play,
And her kisses, warm with the breath of
love,

And leaves as pure as the clouds above,
Strengthened his fetters, day by day.

And the wind passed on to other lands,
But his voice was softened, his might sub-
dued,

The grasses freshened beneath his feet,
And the timid birds in the woods sang
sweet

And rejoiced in his milder mood.

And now when the winter's snows are deep,
And the rose is stripped of her leaves and
 bare,
 A warm breath comes from the sunny
 South,
 And the rose again renews her youth
And appears in her bridal robes as fair.

Fame.



IS reached by few with years of
toil and pain,
And ruined fellow-men oft
pay the price
With broken hearts as fickle
fortune's dice

Award to others what they would attain.
Yet souls are staked and lost in grim disdain
Of love and justice, and on hearts of ice
Unheeded falls the voice of sin and vice
And misery, for fame reckes naught but gain
And seeks in selfishness the gleaming gold
Or approbation of the vulgar crowd
Of envious men. Methinks 'tis nobler
far

To win in life's great commonplace a hold
Upon the hearts of men, with wealth endowed
Of one pure woman's love which naught
can mar.

Season Song.



DANCING down the path she
came,

Merrily, merrily oh !
Ruddy cheeks and eyes aflame,
Singing, oh merrily oh !

*Roses for the garden,
Summer's dear delights,
Holly for the high-roofed hall,
When the north wind bites.*

Underfoot she trod the snow,
Child of a frost-bound clime,
Cared not that the sun wheeled low,
Singing of holiday time.

*May-day with its flowers,
Crowns the spring's delights.
Christmas gladdens more than all,
Though the keen cold bites.*

*Seasons all have gladness,
Changes life like year.
Roses fade and snow-flakes fall,
Yet we know not fear.*

Squab Flights.



LOVE is eternal," sang I long
ago
Of some light love that
lasted for a day ;
But when the fleeting fancy
passed away,
And other loves, that following made as
though
They were the very deathless, lost the glow
Youth mimics the divine with, and grew
gray,
I said, " It is a dream : no love will stay."
Angels have taught me wisdom. Now I
know,
Though lesser loves and greater loves may
cease,
Love still endures, knocking at myriad
gates
That lead to God — stars, winds and
waters, birds,
Beasts, flowers and men — speaking in
sweetest words
At woman's portal, till it finds its peace
In the abyss where Godhead loves and
waits.

An August Noon.



THE swooning meadows lie like
summer seas ;

The landscape reels : a quiv-
ering, ghastly gleam

Bedims the fields ;—as in a
spell they seem,

Save where the redtop rolls with scarce a
breeze.

The mowers in the clover to their knees

Seem treading out the mazes of a dream.

No sound, save far away the locust's
scream,

Or dreamily a bird-voice in the trees.

The cricket's monotone amid the grass

Is scarcely heard,—a soothing lullaby,—

And steady drones the summer-sounding
bee.

The mingled notes to sleepy murmurs pass,

Without a sound floats o'er a butterfly,

And drowsiness and dreams steal over me.

Enchantment.

(Down in the dingle the arbutus blossoms.)



AIREST of flowers, the modest way

In which thou hidest thy dainty face,

Thy sweetness and thy charming grace,

Marks thee the best of the gifts of May.

(Deep in the closes the hermit thrush singeth.)

Rarest of songsters, the melody

And love and joy of thy pure voice

Makes longing soul and heart rejoice—

Wonderful spirit of harmony.

(Far on the uplands the light zephyr bloweth.)

Warmed by the sunshine, thy mellowness

Gives strength to flowers and bird and me,

Acknowledging thy sovereignty,

Blessed by thy powerful pleasantness.

(Down in yon hamlet dwelleth my sweetheart.)

Wither, Arbutus! Be silent, Bird!

And thou, O Zephyr, cease to blow—

Your charms are overmatchèd so!

What are they, pray? I have never heard.

Pythias.



LONG to find one soul akin
to mine,
One heart so like mine own
that it would see
With pitying eyes my soul's

infirmity,

And show for it some sympathetic sign ;
One heart where I, as to a votive shrine,
Might bring my toils and victories trust-
ingly,
And know that there was ever place for
me—
For triumph, joy ; for wounds, love's oil and
wine.

I yearn to know the rapture that would
grow,
As years made holier our sweet, common
way ;
To brave together life's wide, beating sea,
Undaunted by whatever wind might blow,
And then, as darkness closes on the day,
To pass, through death, to love's eternity.

A Matin Song.



HEN May, her odorous locks
unbound,

Comes floating on the balmy
air,

She scatters snowy blossoms
round,

And joy and mirth are everywhere.

In every bush a songster trills

Unto his mate a lay of love ;

And every blade of grass distils

A nectar from the mists above.

'T is sweet to brush the sparkling dew,

When morning's air is full of song.

Then lovers' hearts thrill through and
through,

And life is gay, and hope is strong.

Herodotus.



LONG, dim, storied vista of
the years,

Where stalk the shadowy forms
of kings of old.

The bearded monarchs who
have long been mold

Here show us human hopes and human
fears,

A pageant of sad figures, veiled in tears,
Behind which human lives are bought and
sold :

What matters it whether for blood or gold,
Since Death, the landlord, has paid all
arrears ?

As in a dream we seem to hear afar
The marshalling of Xerxes's hosts to war ;
The rush of white-winged triremes o'er the
blue ;

The insurgent Greeks to Sardis marching on ;
And then with Cyrus's lords we enter through
The river gates of princely Babylon.

Valentine Song.



EAREST, let these roses
In their purity
Be a present symbol
Of my love for thee.

Underneath the blossom
Thorns are sure to grow ;
Take heed lest you touch them,
They would pain you so !

Ah ! my faults like thorns are,
But cannot they be
Hidden 'neath the flower
Of my love for thee ?

Love's Dawn.



LOVE has been singing, oh, so
long in me,
First softly, half unheard, a
dreamy lay,
Like twitterings of birds be-
fore the day,
From their brown nests in every maple-tree ;
Then a clear note rang out so wild and free,
Just as the eastern clouds turned red from
gray,
Loud heralding the sun, upon his way
Up the broad heavens, in regal majesty ;
Then long, bright rays shot up athwart the
sky,
And with accompaniment of flute-like
notes,
Rose a sweet overture, serene and strong.
And now a flood of light spreads far and
high,
There comes a burst from myriad silver
throats,
And the whole world is bathed in light
and song.

The White Hills.



HEN Horace sang, Soracte
stood,
Clothed white with snow,
While lofty spires of dark fire-
wood

Waved far below.

The poet saw, and struck the lyre
To praise the bowl,
The maiden's charms, a blazing fire,
And ancient scroll.

O could he see you, granite hills,
Sublimely grand—
Where every height with wonder thrills
Aloft ye stand—
He'd spurn the yielding velvet couch,
And bound away
Where ye, great lions, proudly crouch,
At dawn of day ;

And, gazing from your loftiest peak,
Would drink the wine
Of bracing air and sights that speak
Of hand divine.
Ye bring the message full and clear
From God to man ;
Ye feed the soul with wine more dear
Than Cæcuban.

The Youth of Love.



WHEN Love was young, the
whole round world was
gay ;
When Love was young,
came in the age of gold,
And lover's music Love's sweet story
told
To hearts that beat responsive roundelay.
But now that Love is old, no longer play
The reedy pipes ; the lover's tale is told
In terms of modern profit, stern and cold ;
The time of mirth and dreams has passed
away.
So say the skeptics. False ! The pipes of
Pan
Still play at Love's omnipotent behest,
As first they played when Love's glad song
began ;
The holy prize is still full worth the quest ;
The age of gold returns to every man
Who makes the Archer-god his welcome
guest.

A Spanish Air.



OME" cried the mandolin;
In low, sweet passion pleaded
the guitar,
"The sunlands call to thee,
The wonder lands below the
southern star.

Oh, come! afar! afar!
A richer life and beauty wait thee there,
A sweeter muse, voluptuous and fair,
Awaits thy song, and there an infant Pan
Is born where western beauty first began
In lands afar."

Still thrilled the mandolin,
Its strangely sweet and penetrating note;
And still the low guitar,
Filled in the pleading strain with mellow
throat.

"Oh, come! afar! afar!
The lotus land below the burning zone
Is calling thee, is calling thee alone,
Come, sweet one, bring thy love and song to
me,
In lands afar."

O mystic mountain land,
Sweet land that fronts the future and the
past,
I fly, I fly to thee,
For thou the promise of the future hast.

I come ! afar ! afar !
Not long with pleading face thou liest prone,
But thou shalt rise, and 'neath the burning
zone
Shall build Parnassus, higher than the old,
And bring again the poet's age of gold
In lands afar.

World and Poet.



ING for us, poet, for our hearts
are broken !

Sing us a song of happy,
happy love !

Sing of the joy that words leave
all unspoken !

The lilt and laughter of life—Oh, sing
thereof !

Oh, sing of life, for we are sick and dying !

Oh, sing of love, for all our love is dead !

Oh, sing of laughter, for we know but sigh-
ing !

Oh, sing of kissing, for we kill instead ! ”

How should he sing of happy love, I pray,
Who drank Love’s cup of anguish long
ago ?

How should he sing of life and joy and day,
Who whispers death to end his night
of woe ?

And yet the poet took his lyre and sang
Till all the dales with happy echoes rang.

Cor Cordium.



HE sunset glow has faded from
the sky ;

The mottled thrush has moaned
her requiem lay

And ushered to the past the
dying day.

The leaden clouds in gloomy legions lie,
The silk winged owlet wails his eerie cry ;
But through the dusky pines a heavenly ray
Across the silent blackness steals its way,
And peaceful starlight thrills the weary eye.
O, heart of hearts, be strong and full of
cheer,

Not ever shalt thou dwell in shrouded night,
Not ever thus with hopeless thought be rent.
Thy star shall rise and flash her radiance
clear,

Of blessed love athwart thy raptured sight,
And shine for aye, and thou shalt be content.

Dawn.



RISING from her perfumed,
cloud-hung bed,

Fair Dawn unclasped the
robes of sleepy Night

And tenderly her eyes so
starry bright

Soft closed with sweetest sleep, and laid her
head

To rest, soft-pillowed in the west; thence
fled,

O'er hills and sleeping streams in eager
flight,

To greet her lover sun with fairest sight.

She bound bright golden bands about her
head

Of dusky hair; her rosy fingers clasped

About her maiden form soft robes, pearl-
gray,

Bedecked with diamonds of the crystal
dew;

And from the grassy, morning meadows
grasped

A filmy veil lest crimson blush betray

Her virgin heart to Phœbus's eager view.

Dead.



H, God! how strange the rattling in the street
Comes to me where I lie
and the hours pass.
I watch a beetle crawling up
the sheet

That covers me, and curiously note
The green and yellow back like mouldy
brass;
And cannot even shudder at the thought
How soon the loathsome thing will reach
my face.

And by such things alone I measure out
The slow drip of the minutes from Time's
eaves.

For if I think of when I lived, I doubt
It was but yesterday I brushed the flowers;
But when I think of what I am, thought
leaves

The weak mind dizzy in a waste of hours.
O God, how happy is the man that
grieves!

Life? It was life to look upon her face,
And it was life to weep when she was
gone;
But this new horror!—In the market-place

A form, in all things like me as I moved
Of old, is marked or hailed of many an
one

That takes it for his friend that lived and
loved,—

And I laugh voicelessly, a laugh of stone.

For here I lie and neither move nor feel,
And watch that Other pacing up and
down

The room, or pausing at his potter's wheel
To turn out cunning vessels from the clay,
Vessels that he will hawk about the town
And then return to work another day
Frowning, but I,—I neither smile nor
frown.

I see him take his coat down from the peg
And put it on, and open the white door,
And brush some bit of cobweb from his leg,
And look about the room before he goes ;
And then the clock goes ticking as be-
fore,

And I am with him and know all he does,
And I am here and tell each clock-tick
o'er.

The men are praising him for subtle skill ;
And women love him—God alone knows
why !

He can have all the world holds at his will—

But this, to be a living soul, and this
No man but I can give him ; and I lie
And make no sign, and care not what he is,
And hardly know if this indeed be I.

Ah, if she came and bent above me here,
Who lie with straight bands bound about
my chin !

Ah, if she came and stood beside this bier
With aureoles as of old upon her hair
To light the darkness of this burial bin !
Should I not rise again and breathe the air
And feel the veins warm that the blood
beats in ?

Or should I lie with sinews fixed, and shriek
As dead men shriek and make no sound ?
Should I

See her gray eyes look love and hear her
speak,

And be all impotent to burst my shroud ?
Will the dead never rise from where they
lie ?

Or will they never cease to think so loud ?
Or is to know and not to be, to die ?

The Promise of Youth.



Into the van they come
With the thunderous tread of
feet,
A myriad throng where hearts
beat strong,
Till the foes of fate they meet.

Who are the youth that come
With the high souls visioned clear?
A host of might for truth to fight
And their strong hearts know not fear.

Into the van they come
Where the storm and battle swirl.
Nor who will doubt and wheel about,
And the brave flag who unfurl?

Hark to the songs that come,
The untroubled victor's lay,
The chants of peace and glad increase
When the strife has passed away.

Into the van they come,
All the youth of teeming hope.
Now hear them sing what time will bring
As the vanguard climb the slope.

A Banquet Song.

Quam bonum, quamque jucundum, fratres habitare in unum.



OW sweet when brothers dwell
in harmony."

So sighed the weary monk,
when, worn with pain,

His frame with torture
racked, he died to gain

A martyrdom by truth and sanctity ;

O'er all his soul poured soft the melody

Of music sweet when sang the white-
cowled train,

And nave to chancel echoed back again

The brotherhood's low, soothing minstrelsy.

So we, whose years are bright and few,

Whose hearts with youth's strong pulse
throb cheerily,

Who seek the truth of being earnestly,

Chant the old song to-night with fervor new,

While arch and rafter sound back joyously,

"How sweet when brothers dwell in har-
mony."

Autumn.



THOU aged goddess of the year,
With hasty stride,
And garments dyed
In shades of grayish brown,
and sear,
We hear thy fast-advancing tread
As thou dost go
To realms of snow,
Where sparkling wreaths shall crown thy
head.

Thou'st brought us many treasures rare.
The rip'ning clime
Of harvest time
Is the sacred object of thy care.
The blushing fruit and waving grain
We quickly store,
And thee adore,—
While trusting thou wilt come again.

Fair goddess, haste thee not away,
But tarry here
Our hearts to cheer—
Prolong to us thy parting day ;
For many here, ere again we see
Thy gentle hand,
At Death's command
Will join the vast eternity.

A Nocturne.



HE soft and sylph-like shadows
throw

A robe about the dying day ;
And dark-eyed Night, with
laughter low,

Trails in the sky her glittering train.

The soft, sweet-scented western wind
Seems but the breath of lovely Night,
As through the latticed open blind
It moves me with its whisperings.

The soothing voice of rippling streams,
The music of the meadow marsh,
But lulls me with delicious dreams
And I am lost in slumberland.

Bohemia.



S shall none blind ;
Comrades, we're free ;
Free as the wind,
Free as the sea—
Free !

Oh, why should we
Be the slaves of words ?
Here we are free,
Free as the birds—
Free !

Free from the lies
We loathe and despise,
Free to laugh,
Free to quaff
Rhine wine or lager beer—
Even whiskey
In our frisky
Moments here.

Here we are free ;
Free to say
What we will ;
Free to be sad,
Free to be gay ;
Free to reveal
All we may be,
Good or bad.

Here is the real,
Here the ideal.
Here the poor hardship
A week recalls not,
Here glory of hardship
That passes all thought.

True, sometimes troubles
May to us belong—
They are the bubbles
The stream does not heed 'em,
But flows along
In thunders of freedom
And tempest of song.

Laugh, you shallow
Worldling! Laugh,
You, too, callow
Beardless calf!
Laugh!

I tell you that we,
While you are smirking
And lying and shirking
Life's duty of duties,
Honest sincerity,
We are in verity
Free—
Free to rejoice
In blisses and beauties,
Free as the voice

Of the wind as it passes,
Free as the bird
In the weft of the grasses,
Free as the word
Of the sun the sea—
Free !

Still Waiting.



OWN upon the long coast
stretches,

Where the sand-dunes met the
sea,

Half buried, lie the gray old
timbers

Of the fair ship, Fleur de Lis.

Still Dame Margaret of Cherbourg,
Scans the billows, day by day.

Twenty years have rolled their cycles,
Since her good man sailed away.

Every evening finds her saying,

“Sure, he’ll come before the light.”

Every morning finds her praying,

“Send him, Lord, before the night.”

Still upon the long coast stretches,

Where the sand-dunes meet the sea,

Half buried, lie the gray old timbers

Of the fair ship, Fleur de Lis.

Bacchic.



OUR out the sparkling wine,
For in this heart of mine
Wild longings burn and glow ;
I would quench them with the
flow

Of the mirth-god's gift divine.

Soft eyes may tender beam,
Love in their depths may gleam,
Naught bringing save unrest.
Wreathe the cup with flowery crest,
Hail to Lethe's blissful stream !

Ay, hail the current wide !
For on the farther side
Lies fair Elysium's strand,
Where the shades forgetful stand,
Quaff the blood-red Lethe's tide !

Longing.



HEN thy fair face is far, so far
away,

When all around I struggle
through life's throng,

And all around me rises

cheering song

From gentle, happy souls, content and gay,
Who, toiling in the sunlight of the day,

Find other souls whose faithful love and
strong

Sustains and helps them all the way along—

When marriage bells sound near me on the
way—

My heart, too, e'er is light, for well I know

Thy love eternal is for me, for me ;

Yet, like the undertone of unseen woe,

Which ever threads the brighter melody,

Like echo of a sob, distraught and low,

My soul calls out, "O Love, I long for
thee."

Winter.



CE and snow—ice and snow
Everywhere the eye can go.
Winter like a stern old king,
Lonely, silent, sorrowing,
Waits but to end his cheerless
reign

And die and meet his love again.

For she who should have been his bride
Ere their lips knew kisses, died.
That's the reason, all men know,
That Winter's hair is white as snow
And he seems a stern old king,
Lonely, silent, sorrowing.

When Summer comes and claims his
crown
He will sigh and lay it down.
He will die—he will die—
When the snow flies he will fly
Once again his love to see
In the land of Faërie.

Far away—far away
Where the roses bloom for aye,
Dwells a maiden fairer far
Than the fairest roses are,
And she loves me, Winter, true
As your lost one loveth you.

I shall meet her once again,
When Summer comes and ends your reign.
We will both be happy then.
Ice and snow—ice and snow—
And my heart is aching so.
Winter, Winter, haste and go.

Autumn.



IS Autumn; all the world a
pageant keeps,
The lordly hills their crimson
tints have raised,
And flung out golden banners
for display,
Where ages long their royal crests have
blazed.

Yet I, as one who sits him at the feast
With weary eye and heavily laden breast,
Am sad amid this splendor of earth's pomp,
And all my heart with sorrow is oppressed.

For in the triumph song that beats the sky
And shakes the banners of the hills, I hear
The sighs of dying leaves and pale-faced
flowers,
Unseen, unheeded, sinking on their bier.

O Autumn, glorious sunset of the year,
When all the world burns mad with wine
and light,
Thy hands are bounteous, but thy feet are
cruel,
And barren, dark and barren is thy night.

To the Oriole.



LIGHTLY swinging, sweetly
singing,
In the budding trees,
Rapturous song is borne along
On the scented breeze.

Golden throated, joyous noted,
In the bright spring days ;
Happy creature ! what a teacher
Of the art of praise !

With thy trilling thou art filling
All the balmy air ;
Thine is pleasure without measure,
Song is everywhere.

Cease your singing, cease your swinging,
Fly unto your nest.
The shades are falling, night is calling
Nature to its rest.

The Old Pine.



T stood upon the hill like some
old chief,
And held communion with
the cryptic wind,
Keeping like some dim un-
forgotten grief

The memory of tribesmen autumn-
skinned,
Silent and slow as clouds, whose footing
passed

Down the remote trails of oblivion
Long since into the caverns of the past.

Alone, aloof, strong fellow of the sun,
We chose it for our standard in its prime,
Nor—though no longer grimly from its
hill

It fronts the world, like Webster—wind not
time

Has felled its austere ghost, we see it still,
In alien lands, resurgent and undying
Flag of our hearts, from sudden ramparts
flying.

Winter Beauty.



WINTER-WEEK of midwinter ! Day-
break ! It is snowing,
And I look out on my
garden from my room,
Where a six-month since my
roses were a-blowing—

Red and white and tea roses all in bloom.
Now the snow is falling, falling, still, re-
lentless ;

Everywhere the eye turns, only flakes of
snow—

Ghosts of summer's rose leaves, colorless
and scentless,

Come to haunt the gardens where they
used to grow.

Ah ! the ice-death that has slain the laugh-
ing river !

Ah ! the memories of meadowland and
mere !

Of the June-snow of pond-lilies lost forever,
And the roses that were blooming yester-
year !

There is beauty in this cruel winter, even,
In this white world where the snowlight
shimmereth ;

But the beauty of the summer was of heaven,
And this beauty of the winter is of death.

Time.



AYS have left us,
And bereft us
Of dear friends and bitter foes.

Days are with us,
Moments give us
Pleasures sweet, as on life goes.

Days are coming,
Moments, summing
Soon our share of joys and woes.

Youth, life's morning
Self-adorning,
Time's deep impress does not show.

Life is fleeting,
Strong hearts beating
Soon will pass through weal and woe.

Age is showing
Fruit that's growing
From the seed sown long ago.

Dizrins.

The Charites.



THREE long-stoled maids, deep-
girt and wimpled—three
Fair shame-faced virgins
serve Uranian Love.

The first is Trust, then Truth,
then Chastity.

And Trust is tender as the turtle-dove,
And clad in opal-lustred wings thereof.
And Truth, for raiment, has the sevensome
bow,
For she is manifold, yet one. The glow
Of inmost clearest flame, of blushes sweet,
Of maiden love, of the rose just 'gun to
blow,
Clothes Chastity. These three sit round
Love's feet.

The Parcæ.

IN midmost cave of Orcus, in the womb
Whereof the world was — Jove's most
secret cell—
Sit the weird weavers by the mystic loom.
Configured planets, fiery comets fell,
Flare redly 'round these Queens of Hell;
And flights of ominous birds above them
soar.

The air is filled with moan of doves and roar
Of threatening thunders. All about are
scattered
Sybillic leaves and rolls of magic lore ;
Yet who has raised the veil that veils their
head ?

The Pope's Wine.



LOOM of roses and breath of
June,
Made the monk sing as he
pruned his vine,
Purple asters and harvest moon
Ruled the month when he pressed the
wine.

On the bottle a waxen seal
Kept the vintage from taste and sight,
Graved with letters cut by steel:
"Drink on the day of thy best delight."

Other grapes ripened and asters died,
The monk was abbot, old and gray.
He hoped for the crimson hat, and cried,
"Not yet, I wait for my happiest day."

Years flew past him, score on score,
The abbot was cardinal, pope; full soon
His soul was ashes, his heart was sore,
Delight in his days an unsung tune.

Bloom of roses and breath of June,
Kissed the pope on his dying bed.
"Do I live?" "No, death cometh soon."
"'Tis the happiest day, bring the wine,"
he said.

June.



AIL to thee, Queen of the blossoming Summer,
Under the light of the moon,
Of all the sweet maidens the
sweetest in-comer,

Laughing-eyed, rosy-lipped June ;
Dance now, ye fairies in circles about her
Under the starlight so fair ;
What were our frolics at midnight without
her ?

Oh, she will surely be there !

Now let us dance, among the sweet clover,
Trippingly leaping along,
Scour the rich meadows and uplands all over,
Merry with laughter and song.

Now let us give to her well-bestowed honor,
With golden-toothed flowers for her
throne,

The purple of pansies, her robe, put upon her,
And lilies in everglades grown.

Down, all ye fairies, in dumb adoration,
Down in the grass at her feet ;

A star-crown of daisies for her coronation,
Our empress so modest and sweet.

Now let us strive to see who shall be dearer
To her who has love for us all,

The fairest and purest alone shall be near her,
Our empress so stately and tall.
This is the time for music and laughter,
For love and for smiles and for play,
Musing and sorrow perchance may come
after—
All must be happy to-day.

Then, hail to thee, Queen of the blossoming
Summer,
Under the light of the moon.
Of all the sweet maidens the sweetest in-
comer,
Rosy-lipped, laughing-eyed June.

The Lotus-Eaters.



HIS is a land of dreams. The
hills are gray
With haze, and silent streams
glide on with slow
And placid current. Ocean's
ebb and flow

Sounds dead and passionless from far away.
The star-lit nights are voiceless, till the day
Shoots quickly from the sea. Dreamy
and low

Is Nature's speech. Such is our world,
and so

We live in peace, nor work, nor love, nor
pray.

When first we came, we loved this dreamy
land,

And love it now ; yet sometimes, as to-day,
A breeze brings us across the rippling
deep

A chill of keen remembrance. Up we stand,
While glazed eyes grow fearful, and we say,
"O God ! torture us not, but let us
sleep."

Her Promise.



QUIT the dusty way,
Where the elms uniting sway
Just above ;
In deeper shadow there
Stands the form, so dainty fair,
Of my love.

To me, the laughing face,
With the most bewitching grace,
Lightly trips.
I look, pause, reassure,
Ere I lift a face so pure
To my lips.

She says, with smile divine,
On her birthday she'll be mine
Evermore.

She presses close to tell
Me her age ; it is—ah, well !
Only four.

Villanelle.

ναυσὶ δ' οὔτε πεζὸς ἰὼν κεν εὖροις
εἰς Ὑπερβορέων ἀγῶνα θαυματὰν ὁδόν.

Pyth. X.

ἐνθα

νασος ὠκεανίδες

αὔραι περιπνέουσιν, ἄνθεμα δὲ χρυσοῦ φλέγει κ. τ. λ.

Olymp. II.



*NOT overland the path, so Fate
decrees,
That leads to earth's Hyper-
borean rest,
Nor over seas.*

Thus sang the bard whose honeyed lips the
bees

Had destined eloquent and lordliest ;
Not overland the path, so Fate decrees.

The mystic fruit of the Hesperides

Men shall not find far down the golden
west,

Nor over seas.

They dream a dream, a broad highway to
ease,

A path to peace, to soothe their anguished
breast ;

Not overland the path, so Fate decrees.

But elsewhere seek the wisdom and the
 peace
 Of pious souls. Not here's the heavenly
 quest,
Nor over seas.

And to the isles where-round the ocean
 breeze
 Blows breath of golden blooms, isles of the
 blest,
Not overland the path, so Fate decrees,
Nor over seas.

The South.



H! where the hot wind, with
sweet odors laden,
Against the roses faintly
beats his wings,
Uttering mild melodious
murmurings

To the faint flowers and the fluttering
gladen,
Whispering of some far, sunset-bowered
Aidenn,

And in an orange-tree an oriole sings,
Whereunder lies, dreaming of unknown
things,

With orange-blossoms wreathed, a radiant
maiden—

There is the poet's land; there would I lie
Beneath the shadows of magnolia-trees

And let my eyes grow languid and my
mouth

Glow with the kisses of the amorous
breeze

And breathe with every breath the luxury
Of the hot-cheeked, sweet, heavy-lidded
South.

A Rondeau.



TENDER and true." So read
that Douglas shield
Who bore the heart of Bruce
from the alien field
Back to his realm, the land
of cold and dearth,—

Fairest to him within the wide world's
girth,
Whose woes it was his glory to have healed.
Prouder this act of Douglas than to wield
A realm, nobler upon his arms annealed
This fair device than all the boasts of
earth.

"Tender and true."

God grant that on my heart it may be sealed,
And in His grace grant my life, too, may
yield
This surest stamp and print of gentle
birth,
This crown and flower of all knightly
worth,
This sum of Christian virtue here revealed—
"Tender and true."

“Vox Clamantis in Deserto.”



VOICE! thou from that molt-
en, rusted throat,

Forever racked upon thy
turning wheel

Like a Prometheus chained
by god-forged steel,

On wings invisible doth upward float—

Oft mingling with thy strong and clarion
tone,

Which thy proud spirit utters full and free,

Thou sendest forth a faint, uncertain
moan.

Dost thou too sigh for what thou canst not
be?

Be bold, be strong, and answer scorn for
scorn

Back to thy captors, thy reproaches fling,

And Memnon-like salute the blushing
morn,

Until that day when thou shalt gladly ring,

With the new cycle of the ages borne,

The longed-for coming of thy lord and King.

Coming to Anchor.



HE ship stands out in evening's
glow

Upon a glassy sea ;
And as the shadows longer
grow

You hear no sound, save, far below,
The lap of waves, unceasingly.

The sunset fades ; the stars peep out ;
The moon's approach is slow ;
Hark ! in the distance, just without
The harbor's mouth, the sailors' shout
So clear and sweet, " Heave O, yo ho ! "

The ship's lights twinkle on the deep,
Her bells ring out, and cease.
The night begins her watch to keep,
The sea resigns herself to sleep
With one long, silent breath of peace.

Song.



HERE'S a song in my soul
that is growing—

A seed, O my star in the
night !

That was dropped in my heart
in the sowing,

And is struggling for life in the light ;—
A breeze that is gentle and stilly,
And has passed through a garden in bloom,
And is sweet with the scent of the lily,
And rich with the rose's perfume.

'T is a rosebud, whose petals are blushing
With its half-hidden longing to blow,—
A fountain, whose waters are gushing
From deeps where the spirit-tides flow.
And as out of a bower of bushes
A bird unexpectedly starts,
So the song unexpectedly rushes
From the depth of my heart of hearts.

As the bird takes flight through the air
And alights on a stately pine,
So flies from me theeward, my fair,
The song that was mine and is thine.
For I am the bush-made bower,
And thou art the stately tree,
And my song is the bird, O my flower,
And the bird has a message for thee.

The Return.



E dun-gray clouds of twilight,
That veil the sinking sun,
Lead on the shades of mid-
night
When filmy dreams are spun.
Come, veil my lady's terrace,
That 'neath her chamber lies,
While I, o'er roads and ferries,
Will speed me till mine eyes
Behold her signal gleaming
Out through the midnight mist,
Where she, my sweet, is dreaming
Of waves that writhe and twist
About the "Wrathful Rover,"
That's due to bring to-night
A long-expected lover
Back to her beckoning light.

.
What! is my love false-hearted,
That no light yonder gleams?
She promised when we parted
That I should see its beams.

.
My fears are fast retreating,
For Julian prinks his ears,—
There at the stile is greeting,
A kiss, and smiles, and tears!

The Daughter of Dawn.



RIPPING through daisy-strewn
meadows of morn,
Yellow with buttercups, dia-
mond with dew,
Came one, the fairest of maid-
ens e'er born ;

For she was the daughter of Dawn,
Of Dawn, fresh, silver-veiled Dawn.

And hundreds of feathery, fluttering throats
Chorused their carols of joy in her train,
With love in their hearts, 'neath the motley
brown coats,

For their queen, the daughter of Dawn,
Of Dawn, the sweet-smiling Dawn.

Across the spider-spun tangles of grass,
Gathering her filmy robes from the dew
Down by the brink of the brook in its glass,
Stood mirrored the daughter of Dawn,
Of Dawn, mild, violet-eyed Dawn.

Then strode forth the sun in his armor of
gold,

With a cloud for a crest, and came to the
brook,

And the maid, in the stream saw his form,
brave and bold,

And love looked the daughter of Dawn,
Of Dawn, happy, far-away Dawn.

Compensation.



HE years but bring into the
heart of man

What joy or sorrow he him-
self hath wrought ;—

To one, a golden glory, truth's
dear meed ;

To one, the withered ashes self hath
bought ;

Bought in the busy mart of bartered love,—

Bought for a bauble, 'gainst a jewel rare,—

Bought for a toy, to be a life's delight,

Dimm'd now, alas ! and now no longer
fair.

Time counts the cost with all-relentless
hand ;

Into man's soul his recompense he
showers.

Gold gives he back for gold once given
him,—

Ashes for ashes : naught are tears of ours.

Altruria.



GAIN a prophet has afar de-
sried

That happy land, those isl-
ands of the blest,

Low-lying in the splendor
of the West,

At sunset, far beyond the ebbing tide.

Again we look away, and see the wide

Expanse of sky ; but gaze with troubled
breast,

Unsatisfied, and filled with strange un-
rest—

A longing for some precious gift denied.

Why watch we seaward still with straining
eyes ?

Altruria, Atlantis, they are there,

And not the vision of a mystic's trance.

We walk their shining ways, their sunny
skies

Bend over us, but yet we grope in fear,

And blindly miss our great inheritance.

Blind Love.



LOVE was not always blind, you
know ;
His eyes shone bright long,
long ago ;
But what he saw so horrified
Poor Love, he very nearly died.
Then in the shock of sad surprise
He thrust an arrow through his eyes.
“ Perhaps,” said he, with lowered head,
“ ’T is better to be blind than dead.”

A Triolet.



THE little bow of ribbon white
That in my desk lies snugly
hid,
Recalls old scenes of gay de-
light,—
The little bow of ribbon white.
For from fair Annie, laughing sprite,
I stole it while she gently chid,—
The little bow of ribbon white
That in my desk lies snugly hid. .

A Ballade of Mysteries.



DOCTOR, I pray you, do no
more wrong

To the drugged dog there in
the horrid room.

Come, unmuzzlé; disclose how
the stars prolong,

Their lines of light through the infinite
gloom,

And how life grew in the young earth's
womb.

Then *I'll* tell *you* how the bell's ding-
dong

Holds sweet talk with the birds i' the
broom,

And the Poet's heart is astir with song.

Sage, who knowest to trace the throng
Of world-thoughts farther than bards
presume,—

Say how grows the weak babe wise and
strong,

And how is Thought born, and by
whom

Can the Fates be lured from the pitiless
Loom,

And what is Right, and what is Wrong.

Then *I'll* tell *you* why the breakers
boom,

And the Poet's heart is astir with song.

Priest, tell me now, ere the even song,
How God lay hid in the Virgin's womb,
Who filleth the depth and height of the long
Sky-reaches, and how bread should
become
His Flesh that rose from the Sacred
Tomb.
Then *I'll* tell *you* how the clouds give
tongue
To God's message, the dream of the grand
sweet doom,
And the Poet's heart is astir with song.

ENVOI.

Princess, say how the heart makes room
For love in the halls where the statesmen
throng.
Then *I'll* tell *you* why the roses bloom,
And the Poet's heart is astir with song.

The Wind's Message.



HE wind beat down in its passing
glee

And lashed to fury a daisy sea.
It told of blight in the
autumn's frost.

Of grace departed, and beauty lost :
But whispered ere it had passed away,
“ Love cannot decay.”

The golden hair of a child at play
The wind was tumbling one sunny day.
It laughed, as lightly the curls it tossed,
That youth should fade, and the gold be
lost ;
But this one story the soft wind told,
“ Love cannot grow old.”

The elms, where orioles' nests were hung,
The wind in frolic had madly swung.
Beneath the nests a dead bird lay,
The awful cost of that short, wild play :
But breeze and branch gave one sad sigh,
“ Love never can die.”

A Student's Reverie.



S'T any great relief to know
That water is but H_2O ?
Or, to the timid, gain still more
When marsh gas is but CH_4 ?

Ah, crowds stand round and never think
That $\text{C}_2\text{H}_6\text{O}$ means "drink"!
And $\text{C}_6\text{H}_{12}\text{O}_6$ draws
From children's throats no loud applause.

But HCl , though looking small,
Has power to make the strongest fall;
And HgCl_2 , the same—
A taste would send you whence you came.

And how pathetic when 'twas found
The formulæ would not go round,
So the essential oils all ride
On $\text{C}_{10}\text{H}_{16}$ astride.

But see! the wondrous series run
In larger numbers, on and on.
I'll end as I began; so, so;
Give me a drink of H_2O .

At Eventide.



T eventide—when 'thwart the
western sky

The mellow glories of the
sunset lie

Like some huge conflagration's
ruddy flush,

Or maiden's cheek, deep dyed with crimson
blush

Of new-born love—Ah, fair to poet's eye
Is earth,—close wrapped in twilight's holy
hush

At eventide.

At eventide, though nature gently stills
Her myriad voices, all my being thrills
With sad, sweet memories of a buried past
That lives but in my bosom, guarded fast
As watchful pine-trees guard yon granite hills ;
Memories, each sweeter, sadder than the last,
At eventide.

At eventide, though gusty passion wrings
Wild strains from out my poor heart's tor-
tured strings,
Yet when the sunset's crown of golden sheen
Fades faint and fainter, and no more is seen,
The thought that thus grief fades, sweet
comfort brings,
While shadows lengthen o'er the village green
At eventide.

A Dream.



UT from the vague and shadowy
realms of sleep,
Often there comes to me at
eventide
A merry, laughing face, and
eyes of brown,
Whence roguish glances, swift and tender,
leap.

Once more we wander, side by side, along
Some rippling stream, or through the
forest glade ;
Or, roaming under August's sunny skies,
We hear the mighty ocean's ceaseless song.
Ah ! precious thoughts of mingled joy and
pain,
That come to us, surrounded by life's
cares ;
Come forth, ye misty dreams at eventide,
And bring forgotten memories back again.

An October Day.



THE last fern is dying,
The wild birds are flying
Far up in the blue.
The soft winds are sighing,—
The heart sigheth, too.

With yellow and red,
By the leaves that are dead,
The damp ground is strown,
While softly o'erhead
The bare branches moan.

But down from the sky
Where the passing fowls cry
Falls a promise of spring.
Though winter is nigh,
We'll be merry and sing.

Quatrains.

I. Doubt.



THE way is dim, and dark the
night,
I know not where to turn,
or when
The dawn will come and bring
me light,—
I cannot see the path till then.

II. Disappointment.

A pine-tree there, upon a lofty height
Smitten by wind and flood has fallen low;
In vain was all its majesty and might;—
My hopes have fallen, and are lying so.

A Winter Sunset.



HE angry sun with flushed and
crimson face,

Upon a bleak and barren
waste of cold

Reflects his last low rays of
cheerless light,

Then sinks beneath a sea of boiling gold.
The molten glory dies away at last ;

One rosy pale flush only lingers yet ;
The mountains dark against a frozen sky
Stand out in cold, impassive silhouette.

The stars from out the boundless depth of
space

Emerge, as slow the tints of twilight die ;
Far in the north dim, ghostly streamers rise,
And waver, flit, and flare across the sky.

Forsaken, drear, forlornly desolate,
Upon the shrouded, cold, dead waste of
white

There falls in an unbroken solitude
The perfect silence of a winter's night.

To Violets in October.



ATE lingering violets, your rare
perfume
Is just as sweet amid the gloom
Of these grim hours
As when the throbbing of the
spring
Woke into life each growing thing
And spread the earth with flowers.

Sweet, steadfast violets, may love like you,
Tho' by cold storms oppressed, prove true
In life's declining,
As when it sang its roundelay,
While yet the glowing, rapturous day
Of youth was warmly shining.

Drink in Reverence.



RIM up ! Brim up !
Your flowing cup,
Fill up to the lusty tars ;
Sing ho ! to the lads on sea
and land

With the heart of steel and callous hand,
That bleed for the stripes and stars.

Bend low your head
To the martyred dead,
And sink on a rev'rent knee,
To the young lives lost
As a vict'ry's cost,
And left on an unknown sea.

Trust God and pray,
Ye wives that stay ;
Ye mothers, dry your eyes ;
For the binding chains
Of a hundred reigns
With the souls of your flesh arise.

Eventide.



ILLWARD, with bright plumes
trailing, creeps the day ;
Beside the brimming brook,
the apple-trees
White-robed like brides, with
heads low bended, stand
Waiting the kiss of wand'ring airs that come
Mist cloaked, soft stepping o'er the filmy
grass,
Fearing to break the spell of eventide,
Fraught with expectant silence, save when
now
Beyond the hedge some shy-voiced robin's
mate,
Quick to the pulse of passion-breathing
spring,
Pours out its throbbing heart in vibrant
song.

Parting.



HIP against the harbor-mouth,
Breakers on the bar,
Mist across the salt marsh,
Dusk and evening star.
Flutt'ring white from cross-tree,
Flutt'ring white from piers,
Lad and maid's first parting,
As daylight disappears.

Gale among the pitch pine,
Floe-ice on the rock,
Sodden drift of gray to where
Sky and ocean lock.
Empty sea-room, wide and far,
Lass with straining eyes,
Watching from the headland,
As daylight dies.

Rondel.



OW white Soracte yonder
gleams
'Mid snows 'neath which the
trees are bending!
The frost-king halts the
rushing streams;
Heap high the hearth, these chill bonds
rending.

Bring forth the wine: for gods, the tending
Of winds that war the deep, one deems.
How white Soracte yonder gleams
'Mid snows 'neath which the trees are
bending!

Let not the morrow haunt your dreams,
Nor spurn sweet loves: thee, boy, the
spending
Of eve in whispered tryst beseems,
The girl's glad laugh the love-pledge lending.
How white Soracte yonder gleams
'Mid snows 'neath which the trees are
bending!

June.



HE melody of unwrit songs
By woodland choirs sung ;
The odor of a rare perfume
From hillside censers flung ;
The flash of myriad dewdrop
gems

In cobweb caskets set ;
And such a joy within the heart
As it can ne'er forget.

Autumn Leaves.



HE hills on every hand display
In every hue of gold and red
Oak leaves and maple bright
and gay.

To-morrow we shall find
them dead,
For this the price they have to pay
To buy the glory of a day.

The Last Spring.



LYING out on the campus
Under the stars of May,
Singing the old songs over,
Smoking the night away ;
Bright is the sky above us,
Soft is the breath of Spring ;
Give me my pipe and a song and night
And I am creation's king.

Lying out on the campus,
Hand a-grip with hand,
Trusting the loves we've followed,
Groping to understand
The throb and pain of parting
With these fair nights that glide
Out of the world and into our hearts—
Into our hearts and there abide.

Chickadees.



HE sturdy chickadees, too
proud to fly,
When winter's stern advance
would drive them forth
Southward to where the balmy
tropics lie,
Unyielding linger in the frozen North.
And bitter mornings leaving their retreat
To glean what scanty food may yet remain,
Half frozen, still their cheery song repeat
To keep their courage firm, but ne'er com-
plain.

The Frost.



PON the window forms the si-
lent frost,
When winter's breathing
gathers there and turns
To icy sheathing, and all is em-
bossed
In varied forms of flowers and leaves and
ferns,
As if the moisture that is there enchained
Had been the bosom of a woodland stream ;
As if in freezing it had still retained
The shapes it mirrored in the summer's
dream.

In Later Days.



N later days it may be they will
write

Upon her grave these words :

“ Here lieth she

Whom a sweet poet sung.”

’Twould better be

And truer, to carve upon my headstone
white,

“ He ne’er had sung who rests beneath this
knoll

Had she not put the music in his soul.”

Autumn.



HE bees that buzzed in blossom
time

Have gone, I know not
where ;

The birds that sang the day’s
farewell,

And woke the morning from the dell,

Have sought a balmier air.

Each voice is stilled, save for the wind,

That whimpers in the grove

And scatters dust and ashen leaves

Across a grave I love.

Banquet Song.

I.



OMRADES, fill the banquet
cup

Brimming up !

Fill it full of love and laughter,
Claret lips and kisses after,

Crown it with a maiden's smiles,
And the foam of magic wiles.

Drink it, drain it, clink your glasses,
For the love of loving lasses

Ere it passes !

II.

Fill again the banquet cup

Brimming up !

Overflow it with the roses,
Which her timid blush discloses.

With her sparkling eyelight sift it,
Till it flavored is. Then lift it.

Drink it, drain it, clink your glasses,
For the love of loving lasses

Ere it passes !

III.

Comrades, fill a parting cup

Brimming up !

Flood it in your praise's zest,
For the uninvited guest.

With her charms and graces fill it,
Touch the lips and heart-ward spill it.
Drink it, drain it, clink your glasses,
For the love of loving lasses
Ere it passes !





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